

# ACTION



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BIG NEWS !  
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Exciting story  
and feature.

## THE DESTROYERS

# MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the face of death

On the night of December 2nd, 1955, the 11.12 Waterloo to Windsor train smashed into the rear of a freight train just outside Barnes station. A police patrol car was cruising past the station when the crash occurred. Its occupants, Sergeant N. J. Loxley and P.C. T. Oliver, rushed to the scene. When they arrived fire had taken a hold on the leading coach but ignoring the flames, the two men immediately went to the assistance of the trapped passengers. Eventually they thought that everyone had been



brought to safety. Then P.C. Oliver saw movement in the wreckage. Together they tore at the red-hot coachwork to free the trapped man, ignoring the fact that the wreckage was in danger of collapsing. Twelve people died in the disaster. There would have been more but for the two men, who were both awarded the George Medal for their bravery.



# THE DESTROYERS

ONE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE SECRET SOCIETIES OF CRIME WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR STRANGLING AND ROBBING INCREDIBLE NUMBERS OF INNOCENT TRAVELLERS IN INDIA DURING THE LAST CENTURY. BUT THIS IS A STORY OF TODAY...



4  
TRANS-ASIAN RAILWAYS CLAIM THAT THE VIEW FROM THEIR TRAINS CROSSING THE BHADORO BRIDGE IS THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD. THEY COULD BE RIGHT!



MILLIONS OF GALLONS OF WATER FALL OVER THE RAPIDS EVERY HOUR - AND THE TORRENT IS A MERE 100 YARDS AWAY FROM THE BRIDGE.

FANTASTIC!  
WHAT AN UNBELIEVABLE  
SIGHT! AND WHAT AN  
ENGINEERING FEAT!

BUILT BY ONE OF THE TOUGHEST  
CONSTRUCTION BOSSSES IN THE WORLD -  
A CHAP CALLED JOHN GRANT, BUT IT IS  
ONE JOB THAT NEARLY BEAT  
EVEN OLD IRON MAN HIMSELF...

STRANGELY ENOUGH,  
IT WASN'T THE ENGINEERING  
PROBLEMS THAT CAUSED THE  
TROUBLE - IT WAS A STONE  
IDOL AS UGLY AS SIN -  
AND JUST AS EVIL!



THE EXPRESS RATTLED OFF THE BRIDGE. THE BUSINESSMEN LEANED BACK IN THEIR COMFORTABLE FIRST-CLASS SEATS...

A STONE IDOL!  
I CAN'T IMAGINE A  
HARD-HEADED ENGINEER.  
TAKING MUCH HEED  
OF A STATUE.

LET ME TELL  
YOU WHAT HAPPENED –  
IT'LL HELP PASS THE TIME  
UNTIL WE REACH OUR  
DESTINATION...

THE SPEAKER HAD HEARD THE STORY FROM DAVID CHILTON, A YOUNG SURVEYOR WHO HAD BEEN ON THE PROJECT WITH GRANT.

HERE HE COMES! WHY CAN'T THE BIG-NOISES LEAVE A MAN TO GET ON WITH THE JOB?

THE RAJAH IS PAYING THE BILLS, AFTER ALL, MISTER GRANT. I SUPPOSE HE LIKES TO HAVE SOME IDEA WHERE HIS MONEY'S GOING!

DAVID CHILTON LOOKED WITH INTEREST TOWARDS THEIR DISTINGUISHED VISITOR...



BESIDES, THE RAJAH OF BHADRO IS SAID TO BE A DARNED GOOD BLOKE. HE'S POURING CASH INTO THIS PROJECT IN THE BELIEF THAT IT WILL IMPROVE THE PROSPERITY OF HIS PEOPLE.

JOHN GRANT HAD NO TIME FOR MORE THAN A GRUNT, FOR THE ROLLS-ROYCE PURRED TO A HALT CLOSE BY THEM...



YOU ARE MAKING EXCELLENT PROGRESS, I SEE, MISTER GRANT.

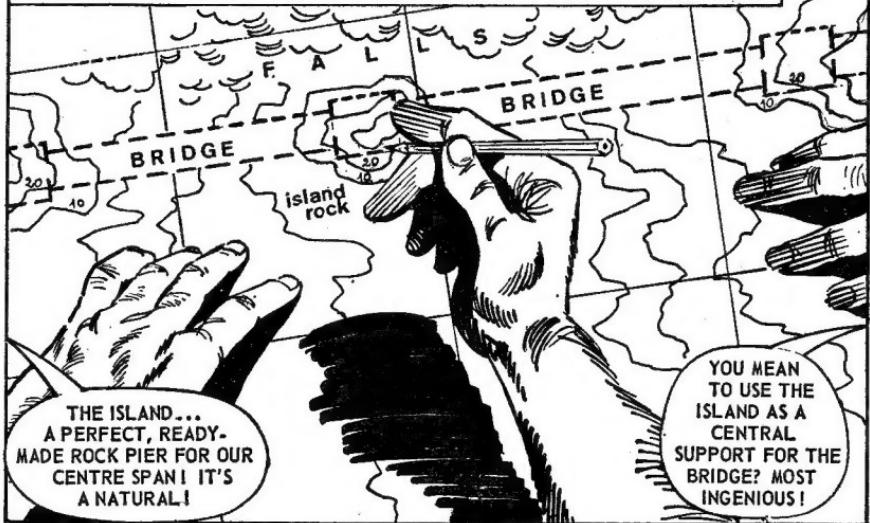
ON SCHEDULE, RAJAH... BUT THE TOUGHEST PART IS STILL TO COME.

IN THE SURVEY HUT, GRANT LAID OUT DETAILED MAPS OF THE ROUTE THE LINE WAS TO TAKE...



THAT'S A PRETTY ROUGH RIVER WE'VE GOT TO THROW THE BRIDGE OVER, BUT LOOK HERE...

THE RIVER WAS 300 TURBULENT FEET WIDE AT THE CROSSING POINT JUST BELOW THE BHADRO FALLS... AND THERE WAS AN ISLAND OF ROCK IN THE MIDDLE OF IT.



UP TO THAT MOMENT, THE RAJAH'S COMPANION HAD SAID NOTHING. BUT NOW...



FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE CRAGGY FEATURES OF THE CONSTRUCTION BOSS BROKE INTO A GRIN...



SHARIFA WAS STILL NURSING HIS DISAPPROVAL WHEN THE VISIT ENDED.

YOU MUST NOT MIND MY ADVISER'S CRITICISM, MISTER GRANT. IF SHARIFA HAD HIS WAY, I WOULD STILL BE RIDING ON AN ELEPHANT. TO HIM, THE RAILWAY LINE IS A WASTE OF A GOOD DEAL OF MY FORTUNE.

THE LINE WILL OPEN UP YOUR PROVINCE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, YOUR HIGHNESS. ONLY GOOD CAN COME OF IT.

THERE WAS ONE MORE RANGE OF HILLS TO CUT THROUGH BEFORE THE RIVER CROSSING POINT WAS REACHED...



SUDDENLY, A SHRILL CRY OF FEAR RANG OUT ABOVE THE DIN OF THE MACHINES...



THERE WAS A FLURRY OF DUST ON THE SLOPES ABOVE THE CUTTING AND A RUMBLE THAT BECAME A ROAR AS HUGE BOULDERS TUMBLED DOWNWARD...



BUT FOR ONE MAN THERE,  
ESCAPE WAS IMPOSSIBLE...



IT WAS ALL OVER IN THE SIXTY SECONDS IT  
TOOK JOHN GRANT TO REACH THE SCENE.

SAHIB... SAHIB!  
HUSSEIN... HE IS  
STILL UNDER  
THERE!

GET A  
COUPLE OF  
THE 'DOZERS  
HERE... JALDI!  
HURRY!



AS THE BULLDOZERS BIT INTO THE MOUND OF RUBBLE BURYING THE EXCAVATOR, GRANT TURNED ANGRILY ON DAVID CHILTON...

BUT I SURVEYED THAT HIGH GROUND ONLY THREE DAYS AGO, MISTER GRANT. I FOUND IT AS SOLID AS A ROCK!

DEVIL TAKE IT, CHILTON - THAT SOLID ROCK JUST FELL ON THAT POOR FELLER OVER THERE. THERE'S NO ROOM FOR MISTAKES ON A 'JOHN GRANT PROJECT'!

THAT NIGHT, THE WORKERS' CAMP WAS QUIETER THAN USUAL. IT WAS THE FIRST SERIOUS ACCIDENT SINCE THE PROJECT HAD BEGUN.

KHUDA KHAN, A LABOURER, SEEMED TO HAVE PLENTY TO SAY FOR HIMSELF.

WHAT IS MORE, IT IS SAID WE ARE SOON TO BUILD A BRIDGE ACROSS THE BHADRO FALLS. HOW MANY OF US WILL JOIN OUR ANCESTORS BEFORE THAT IS FINISHED?

POOR HUSSEIN! HE HAD A WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN BACK IN HIS VILLAGE, I BELIEVE.

AND NOW SHE IS A WIDOW, HER CHILDREN ORPHANS, TO SATISFY THE TIME-TABLE OF GRANT-SAHIB. I SAY HE DRIVES US TOO HARD...

THERE WAS SOME MUTTERED AGREEMENT TO THIS, BUT IT WAS SUDDENLY STILLED BY AN EERIE HUMMING SOUND THAT ECHOED OVER THE SURROUNDING HILLS.



IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO PIN-  
POINT THE DIRECTION  
FROM WHICH THE SOUND  
CAME... AND SOON IT  
FADED, LEAVING THE  
WORKERS UNEASIER THAN  
EVER.

IT IS  
OBVIOUS  
THE SPIRITS  
ARE ANGRY AT  
THE DEATH OF  
HUSSEIN, BROTHERS.  
PERHAPS THEY DO  
NOT WANT US TO  
WORK ON THE  
RAILWAY,  
EITHER.

BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING VERY SOLID ABOUT THESE  
"SPIRITS" ... AND SOMETHING UNSPEAKABLY EVIL, TOO!



THE PROCESSION OF WHITE-ROBED FIGURES WAS SOON GATHERED  
IN A ROCKY CAVERN, LIT BY THE FITFUL GLARE OF TORCHES.

BROTHERS, WE  
ARE CALLED TOGETHER  
TO RENEW OUR ANCIENT VOWS  
TO THE GREAT GODDESS  
KALL. FIRST, WE WILL  
PREPARE THE  
SACRIFICE...



A WHITE CLOTH WAS SPREAD ON THE ALTAR AND THE VARIOUS THINGS NECESSARY FOR THE CEREMONY PLACED ON IT...



TWO YOUNG GOATS, ONE BLACK, ONE WHITE, WERE KILLED IN RITUAL MANNER. THE PRIEST THEN INTONED THEIR CREED...



IN THE DAYS LONG AGO,  
A MONSTER WALKED OUR  
LAND. KALI FOUGHT THE  
MONSTER, BUT FOR EACH  
DROP OF HIS BLOOD SHE  
SPILT, A NEW MONSTER  
AROSE. SO, IN HER WISDOM,  
KALI STRANGLED THE  
MONSTERS ONE BY ONE  
UNTIL THERE WERE  
NO MORE...

SHARIFA, HIGH PRIEST OF THIS STRANGE AND SINISTER CULT, HELD ALOFT THE SCARF...

THE ALL-POWERFUL KALI LEFT EACH ONE OF US THE SACRED CLOTH SO THAT WE MAY STRANGLE FOR HER WHEN SHE WILLS US TO. THE TIME IS NEAR, MY BROTHER THUGS...



HIS VOICE ECHOED EERILY AROUND THE ROUGH HEWN WALLS...

THIS ANCIENT TEMPLE, REFUGE OF OUR FOREFATHERS WHO WERE STRANGLERS IN THE DAYS OF OUR TRUE GLORY, IS THREATENED!



THERE WAS AN ANGRY MURMER...

THOSE WHO BUILD THE RAILWAY AND THE BRIDGE ARE THE ENEMIES OF KALI. THEY MUST BE STOPPED! WE MUST SOW THE SEEDS OF FEAR IN THEM AND DESTROY THEM IF IT BECOMES NECESSARY!



NEXT DAY, DAVID CHILTON FOUND THE WORKERS SURLY AND UNCO-OPERATIVE...

WHY ARE  
YOU NOT WORKING?  
ON YOUR FEET AND START  
DIGGING!

THE SAHIB FORGETS  
WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR  
BROTHER HUSSEIN. IT IS NOT  
SAFE TO WORK HERE!

NOTHING THE SURVEYOR COULD SAY  
WOULD PERSUADE THEM OTHERWISE,  
KHUDA KHAN HAD SPREAD HIS  
POISON WELL...

THIS MAN KHUDA  
KHAN SEEMS TO BE  
THEIR SPOKESMAN,  
MISTER GRANT.

I KNOW THE ONE –  
A SURLY, COMPLAINING  
CHARACTER... THE SORT WE  
CAN DO WITHOUT ...

JOHN GRANT STARED STONILY AT THE  
LABOURERS AND THEY STIRRED GUILTY...

I DID NOT  
KNOW I HAD  
HIRED A FLOCK  
OF WHIMPERING  
SHEEP TO WORK  
ON MY GANG.  
THEY TOLD ME  
YOU WERE MEN!

IT IS NOT RIGHT FOR THE  
BARA-SAHIB TO EXPECT  
US TO WORK IN THE  
SHADOW OF DEATH!

UNHURRIEDLY, THE GANG BOSS WALKED UP TO KHUDA KHAN...



A MIGHTY FIST SENT THE BURLY INDIAN FLYING...



KHUDA KHAN, HIS FACE CREASED IN AN UGLY SNARL, CLIMBED SLOWLY TO HIS FEET ...



KHUDA KHAN MOVED LIKE A STRIKING COBRA...

LOOK  
OUT, MISTER  
GRANT...  
HE'S GOT A  
KNIFE!



BUT GRANT WAS NO STRANGER TO THE TOUGH, NO-HOLDS-BARRED BRAWLS OF THE CONSTRUCTION CAMPS...

AIEEE!

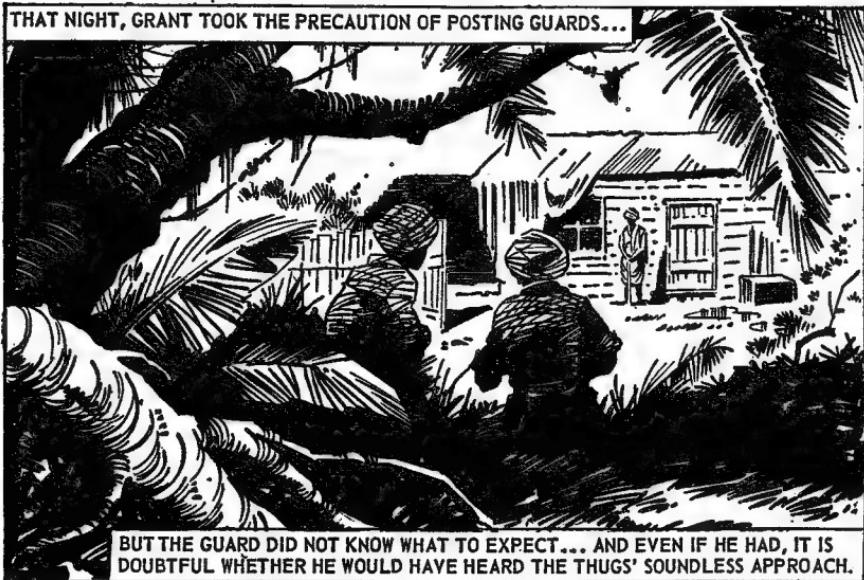




JOHN GRANT'S METHODS WERE ROUGH AND READY ... BUT THEY HAD MADE HIM ONE OF THE FINEST CONSTRUCTION ENGINEERS IN THE WORLD ... A MAN WHO GOT THINGS DONE!



THAT NIGHT, GRANT TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF POSTING GUARDS...



BUT THE GUARD DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT... AND EVEN IF HE HAD, IT IS DOUBTFUL WHETHER HE WOULD HAVE HEARD THE THUGS' SOUNDLESS APPROACH.

THE STRANGLER'S SCARF, ONE END WEIGHTED, SWUNG ROUND THE UNSUSPECTING MAN'S THROAT...



A STIFLED, CHOKING GURGLE... AND  
THE GUARD WAS DEAD...



TWO OTHER THUGS SLID OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND DRAGGED THE BODY AWAY. THE STRANGLER BROKE OPEN THE LOCK ON THE DOOR OF THE STORES SHED ...



NOT A WORD HAD BEEN SPOKEN. EACH MAN HAD HIS INSTRUCTIONS...



A MATCH FLARED AND WAS APPLIED TO A PILE OF OILY COTTON WASTE. A DRUM OF KEROSENE WAS OVERTURNED, AND IN SECONDS...



ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY, FIRES SPRANG UP AT HALF-A-DOZEN DIFFERENT POINTS ABOUT THE CONSTRUCTION SITE...



IN MINUTES ONLY, CRIES OF ALARM WERE GOING UP...



JOHN GRANT WAS ALREADY RUNNING TOWARDS THE SCENE OF THE STORE FIRE, HIS STRONG VOICE QUELLING THE EXCITED GABBLING OF THE WORKERS.



OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, GRANT SAW DAVID RUN THE OTHER WAY AND CURSED IRRITABLY...



PANTING HEAVILY, DAVID HAD REACHED THE SCENE OF ONE OF THE HALF-A-DOZEN FIRES THE THUGS HAD STARTED.

IF IT REACHES THE HUT...

DANGER  
HIGH EXPLOSIVE  
FUEL STORE

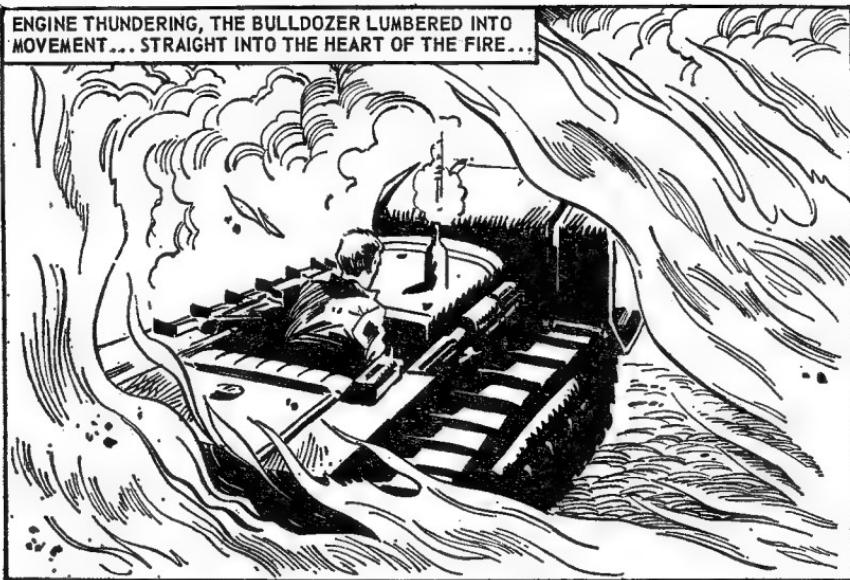


HE CLIMBED ABOARD A BULLDOZER PARKED NEARBY...

START FIRST TIME...  
FOR PETE'S SAKE...



ENGINE THUNDERING, THE BULLDOZER LUMBERED INTO MOVEMENT... STRAIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THE FIRE...



IT GOUGED A FIVE-FOOT DITCH ACROSS THE PATH OF THE FLAMES...

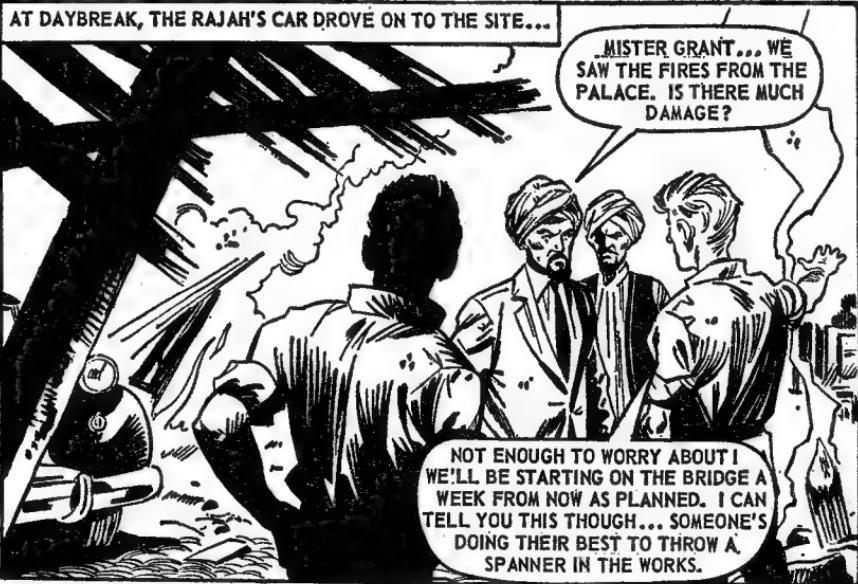
HA, GOOD  
GOING, CHILTON...  
I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT  
THE FUEL AND  
EXPLOSIVES.





SABOTAGE, CHILTON ... SABOTAGE.  
THAT OAF, KHUDA KHAN, PROBABLY!  
BUT THERE IS ONE ODD FACT...  
THREE OF MY GUARDS HAVE VANISHED!

NO, THEY WERE MEN I'D  
SELECTED MYSELF! THEY  
WERE COMPLETELY RELIABLE...



THE RAJAH TURNED  
TO HIS ADVISER...

BUT WHO WOULD  
DO SUCH A THING,  
SHARIFA? HAVE YOU ANY  
INFORMATION?

MANY OF YOUR PEOPLE THINK  
THE MONEY BEING SPENT ON THE RAIL-  
WAY WOULD BE BETTER USED REDUCING  
POVERTY IN THE PROVINCE, HIGHNESS.  
PERHAPS SOME HOTHEADS...



THE LINE DROVE ON, PLOUGHING A GREAT FURROW THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS AND ARROWING STRAIGHT ACROSS THE PLAINS. AHEAD, THE RIVER CROSSING LOOMED...

COME ON,  
GET THAT GRAPNEL  
FIRER SET  
UP! WE HAVEN'T  
GOT ALL DAY!



A ROCKET SPARKED AND SPLUTTERED ON ITS STAND... AND SUDDENLY SOARED ACROSS THE SEETHING MAELSTROM OF WATER.



THE STEEL PRONGS OF THE GRAPNEL SCRATCHED AND SCRABBLED AT THE ROCK SURFACE OF THE ISLAND, WORN SMOOTH BY CENTURIES OF SPRAY FROM THE FALLS. SUDDENLY, THEY BIT IN...



THE TOUGHENED NYLON ROPE WAS PULLED TAUT AND FASTENED SECURELY. A WIRY LITTLE INDIAN BEGAN TO CROSS...



THE FIGURE WAS AT TIMES LOST IN THE SPRAY AND ONCE DIPPED TO HIS WAIST IN THE RAGING TORRENT ...



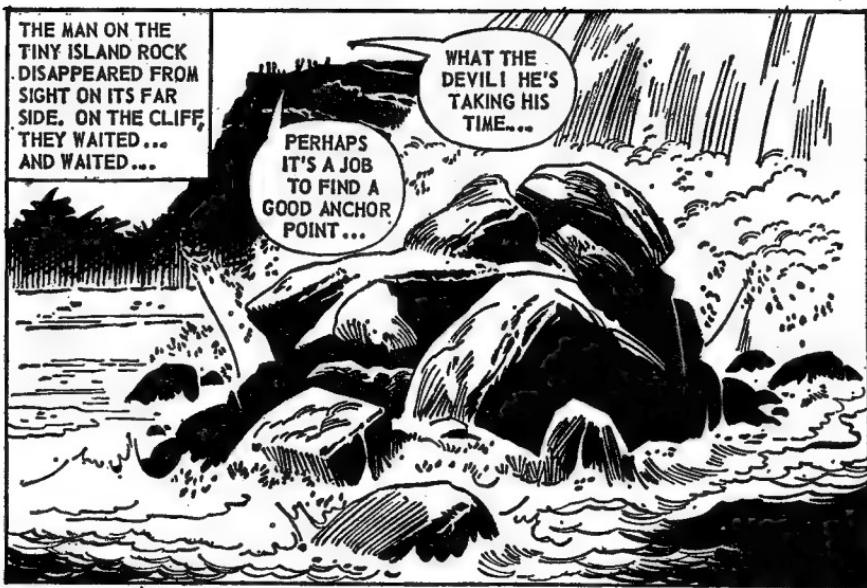
IT SEEMED AN ENDLESS CROSSING BUT AT LAST THE FEET OF THE DANGLING AZIZ FOUND FIRM GROUND. THE WATCHERS RAISED A CHEER...



THE MAN ON THE TINY ISLAND ROCK DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT ON ITS FAR SIDE. ON THE CLIFF, THEY WAITED ... AND WAITED ...

PERHAPS IT'S A JOB TO FIND A GOOD ANCHOR POINT ...

WHAT THE DEVIL! HE'S TAKING HIS TIME...



TEN... FIFTEEN... THIRTY MINUTES... AND STILL THERE WAS NO SIGN OF AZIZ...

HELL'S BELLS!  
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM!

SAHIB...  
THE ROPE... IT IS LOOSE!



THE ROPE NO LONGER STRETCHED ACROSS THE RIVER, BUT DROOPED, INSTEAD, INTO THE WATER. IT WAS HAULED IN...

BUT THIS  
IS THE BEST  
NYLON ROPE.  
HOW THE  
BLAZES COULD IT  
BREAK?

I DON'T  
KNOW, BOY...  
I DON'T  
KNOW...

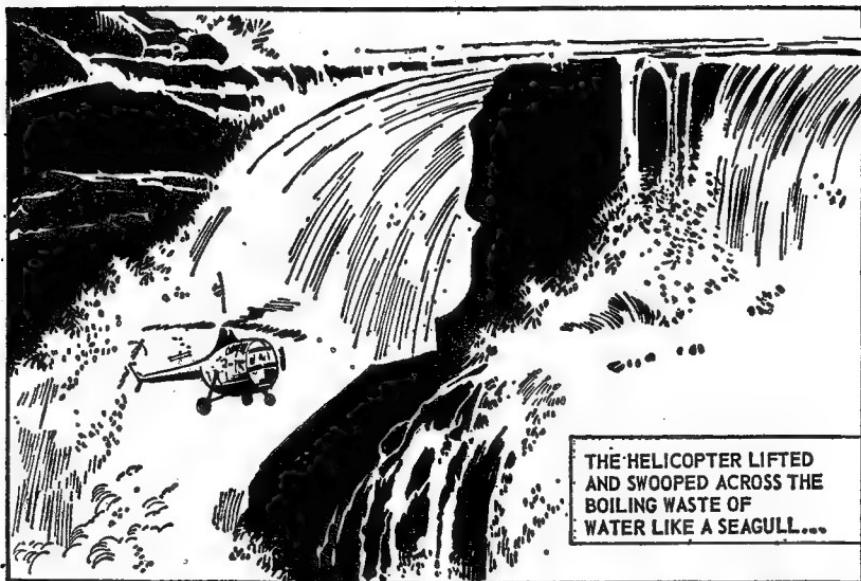


JOHN GRANT WAS NOT A MAN TO STAND AND SCRATCH HIS HEAD! AN HOUR LATER, A HELICOPTER WAS LANDING ON THE HIGH CLIFFS OVERLOOKING THE RIVER.



THE TOUGH OLD TROUBLE-SHOOTER  
WOULD LET NOBODY BUT HIMSELF GO  
IN THE "CHOPPER", APART FROM THE  
PILOT...





GRANT WAS WINCHED DOWNWARD ...



ONE MOMENT, HE WAS ALMOST ON THE GROUND, THE NEXT, FIVE FEET IN THE AIR. BUT AT LAST ...



THE ISLAND WAS FIFTY PACES BY TWENTY, DAMP AND SLIPPERY WITH SPRAY... AND AS BARE AS AN EGG...

NOT A SIGN OF HIM! HE MUST HAVE MISSED HIS FOOTING AND FALLEN IN. NOT EVEN AZIZ COULD HAVE SURVIVED IN THAT TORRENT ...



THE GRAPNEL WAS STILL WEDGED IN PLACE...

JEHOSOPHAT!  
THE ROPE ISN'T WORN...  
IT'S BEEN CUT!



THE MYSTERY WAS DEEPER THAN EVER. BUT THE JOB MUST GO ON...

HELLO,  
BUZZ... GO  
BACK TO THE BANK.  
GET CHILTON TO START  
LOADING... WE'LL USE  
YOUR CHOPPER  
INSTEAD OF  
A LINE.  
OKAY?

YOU'RE  
THE BOSS  
ME... I GET  
PAID BY THE  
HOUR.



THE FERRYING OF CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS BEGAN AND JOHN GRANT SOON RETURNED TO THE BANK WHERE DAVID CHILTON WAS SUPERVISING THE OPERATION.



THE RAJAH OF BHADORO LIVED IN A PALACE THAT WAS SMALL BY SOME EASTERN STANDARDS.



HE GREETED GRANT COURTEOUSLY,  
AS USUAL...

MISTER  
GRANT... I  
WAS NOT  
EXPECTING  
YOU. IS  
SOMETHING  
WRONG?

I THOUGHT  
MAYBE YOU OR  
MISTER SHARIFA  
HERE COULD  
TELL ME THAT,  
RAJAH.

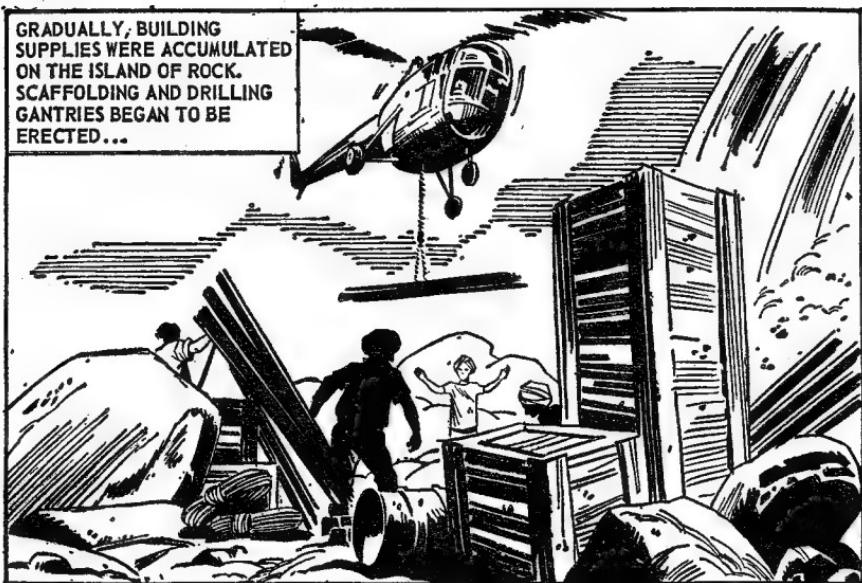
... THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON BENEATH  
THE SURFACE ON THIS PROJECT. IF I KNOW  
WHAT IT IS, I CAN FIGHT IT... OR GET AROUND  
IT! THAT'S MY JOB!

THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU  
CANNOT FIGHT, MISTER GRANT. IF  
THE GODS DO NOT SMILE ON YOUR  
VENTURE, THEN YOU INVOKE ONLY  
THEIR ANGER BY CARRYING ON.

THE OLD GODS STILL  
MEAN MUCH TO MY PEOPLE,  
MISTER GRANT, AND SOMETIMES,  
THE PEOPLE PERSUADE THEMSELVES  
THEY ARE THE INSTRUMENTS  
OF THE GODS.

WELL, I DON'T  
SCARE SO EASILY!  
IT WILL TAKE MORE  
THAN SUPERSTITION  
OR EVEN VIOLENCE  
TO STOP ME...

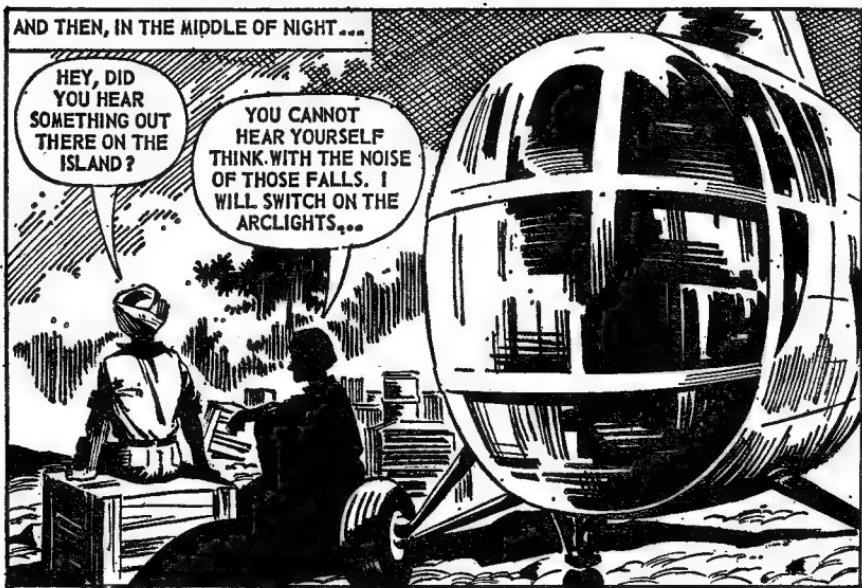
GRADUALLY, BUILDING SUPPLIES WERE ACCUMULATED ON THE ISLAND OF ROCK. SCAFFOLDING AND DRILLING GANTRIES BEGAN TO BE ERECTED...



AND THEN, IN THE MIDDLE OF NIGHT...

HEY, DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING OUT THERE ON THE ISLAND?

YOU CANNOT HEAR YOURSELF THINK WITH THE NOISE OF THOSE FALLS. I WILL SWITCH ON THE ARCLIGHTS...



A FEW MINUTES, AND A SMALL BUT POWERFUL LAMP SPOTLIGHTED THE ISOLATED PIECE OF ROCK...



BY THE TIME JOHN GRANT GOT THERE, MORE LIGHTS HAD BEEN SWITCHED ON AND THE DAMAGE WAS PLAIN FOR ALL TO SEE.



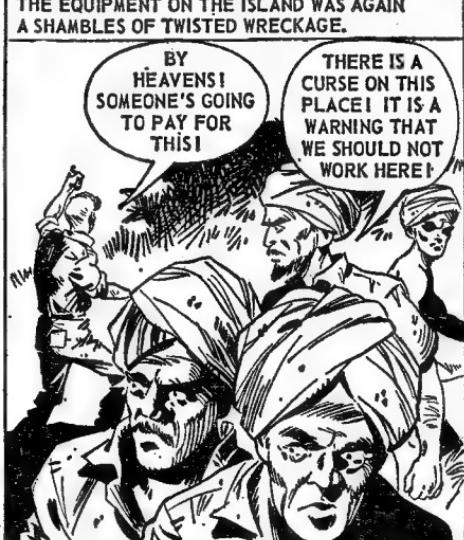
IT TOOK TWO WHOLE DAYS FOR THE GANTRY TO BE REBUILT. THEN JOHN GRANT ORDERED THE LIGHTS TO BE SWITCHED ON ALL NIGHT... AND THE TWO GUARDS TO BE ARMED...

THAT SHOULD TAKE CARE OF ANY INVISIBLE SABOTEURS! NOTHING LIKE A BULLET HOLE OR TWO TO FRIGHTEN OFF THE EVIL SPIRITS!



NO ALARM WAS RAISED DURING THE NIGHT, BUT NEXT MORNING...

THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE GUARDS... AND THE EQUIPMENT ON THE ISLAND WAS AGAIN A SHAMBLES OF TWISTED WRECKAGE.



THE WORKERS WERE SHUFFLING AWAY... WHEN A BELLOW STOPPED THEM IN THEIR TRACKS...



NO OTHER MAN BUT GRANT COULD HAVE KEPT THEM AT WORK. HE WAS AS HARD AS ROCK AND JUST AS INDESTRUCTIBLE. THE ENEMIES OF THE RAILWAY HAD COME TO REALISE THAT, TOO...





BY INTENSIVE, ALMOST RUTHLESS EFFORTS, GRANT GOT HIS PROJECT BACK ON SCHEDULE. HE DROVE HIMSELF EVEN HARDER THAN HE DROVE HIS MEN ...



THE CONSTRUCTION BOSS WAS STILL WORKING IN HIS OFFICE AT 2 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, WHEN...





THE RUMAL, THE STRANGLER'S SCARF, FLICKED ABOUT GRANT'S THROAT... AND THEN  
TWO STEELY FISTS CLAMPED ON THE WRISTS OF THE INTRUDER...



A MIGHTY HEAVE OF GRANT'S POWERFUL SHOULDERS... AND KHUDA KHAN SHOT OVER HIS HEAD...



GRANT FLUNG HIMSELF AT THE WOULD-BE STRANGLER...



BUT KHUDA KHAN'S BODY WAS HEAVILY GREASED AND HE SLIPPED OUT OF THE ENGLISHMAN'S VICE-LIKE GRIP...



CURSING FURIOUSLY, GRANT SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET...

WHAT...  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON? WHO WAS  
THAT?

THE  
SWINE TRIED  
TO STRANGLE  
ME! AFTER  
HIM...!



BY THE TIME THEY GOT OUT OF THE HUT, GRANT'S ASSAILANT WAS DISAPPEARING AMONG THE TREES.

THERE HE GOES!



IT WAS THAT KHUDA KHAN... THE ONE I SLUNG OFF THE SITE! WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!



LISTEN, THERE'S... THERE'S MORE TO IT. THAN AN... ACT... OF REVENGE! EASE UP... THIS KHAN MAY LEAD US... TO THE REAL SOURCE... OF OUR TROUBLES...

THE SENSE OF WHAT DAVID CHILTON SAID PENETRATED EVEN GRANT'S ANGER... AND THEY SLOWED UP. SOON...

HE'S  
MAKING FOR  
THE RIVER. THE  
FOOL'S  
RUN HIMSELF  
INTO A DEAD  
END!



KHUDA KHAN SEEMED TO HESITATE AMONG THE BOULDERS THAT BORDERED THE FALLING TORRENT OF WATER. ONE SECOND, HE WAS THERE... THE NEXT, HE HAD VANISHED!



GRANT SETTLED DOWN LIKE A TERRIER AT A RAT-HOLE TO WATCH WHERE KHUDA KHAN HAD DISAPPEARED...



THE ROAR OF THE FALLS BLANKETING ANY SOUND, HE WAS QUITE UNAWARE OF HIS DANGER UNTIL FOUR THUGS FLUNG THEMSELVES ON HIM.



WHEN JOHN GRANT RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS, HE WAS BOUND HAND AND FOOT... BEFORE A STONE IDOL OF GROTESQUE APPEARANCE...

WE BRING YOU AN OFFERING,  
O MIGHTY KALI! BUT FIRST,  
YOU WILL WISH TO TURN YOUR  
ANGER ON THIS MISERABLE ONE  
WHO HAS FAILED YOU...



A FIGURE WAS DRAGGED FORWARD  
AND FLUNG GROVELLING AT THE  
FEET OF THE STATUE.



BEHOLD  
THE CRAVEN  
CUR, KHUDA KHAN,  
WHO MUST  
DIE...

MERCY...  
HAVE  
MERCY!

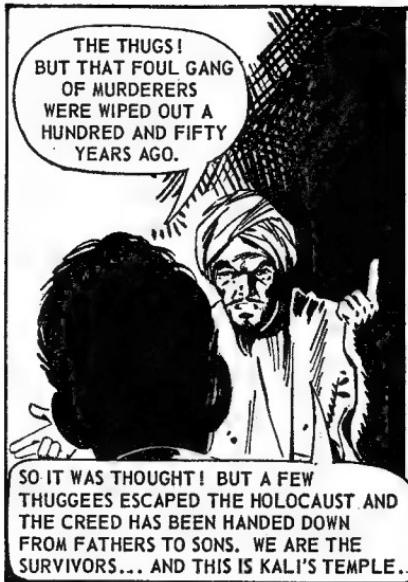
THEN, TO THE DAZED JOHN GRANT'S HORROR,  
KHUDA KHAN WAS COLD-BLOODEDLY  
STRANGLED BEFORE HIS VERY EYES...



NO, NO!  
I MUST BE  
DREAMING...!

OUTRAGED PROTESTS BURST FROM THE ENGINEER...





MEANWHILE, DAVID CHILTON AND THE GANGERS HAD REACHED THE BANK OF THE RIVER WHERE HE HAD LEFT JOHN GRANT...



AT THE SIDE OF THE MONSTROUS CURTAIN OF WATER, THE GANGERS HESITATED, FOR IT SEEMED CERTAIN DEATH TO VENTURE INTO IT.



THEY WATCHED THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN STEP INTO THE TORRENT... AND DISAPPEAR.



ONE AFTER THE OTHER, THE GANGERS DUCKED THROUGH THE WATERFALL... ON TO A NARROW LEDGE, ONE WALL OF WHICH SHIMMERED IN THE MOONLIGHT.



A SMOOTH-WALLED TUNNEL ANGLED DOWNWARD FROM THE LEDGE AND DEEP DOWN THERE WAS A DULL GLOW...



CAUTIOUSLY, QUIETLY, THEY CLIMBED DOWN THE TUNNEL...

FOR PETE'S  
SAKE I WHERE  
THE-DEVIL IS THIS  
LEADING...



THIRTY FEET FARTHER ON... AND THEY FOUND OUT...

YOUR TIME  
HAS COME,  
ENGLISHMAN! SEE  
THE SMILE ON THE  
FACE OF KALI  
AS SHE PREPARES  
TO WELCOME  
YOU...



THE CLOTH OF THE STRANGLER WAS  
ABOUT JOHN GRANT'S THROAT... AND  
THE TOUGH ENGINEER WAS POWERLESS...

KILL, KILL,  
KILL!



AND THEN A SHOT RANG OUT...

AAAAGH!



SHARIFA, THE EXECUTIONER,  
FELL... AND THE GANGERS  
POURED INTO THE TEMPLE IN  
A YELLING, FURIOUS MOB...

AT 'EM,  
MEN! SEE  
WHAT THEY  
ARE GOING TO  
DO TO THE  
BOSS!

YAAAH!



NO MERCY WAS SHOWN TO THE COLD-BLOODED STRANGLERS. PICKAXE HELVES SMASHED THE LAST OF THE EVIL CULT OF THE THUGS INTO THE GROUND.



DAVID SAW ONE OF THE STRANGLERS BEND VENGEFULLY OVER THE HELPLESS CONSTRUCTION BOSS.



AND WHEN IT WAS OVER, JOHN GRANT TURNED TO DAVID CHILTON...

IT'S NOT OFTEN I OWE  
ANYTHING TO ANY MAN...  
BUT TO YOU, LAD, I OWE MY LIFE!  
I'LL NOT FORGET THAT...



AND AS FOR  
THIS... THIS FILTHY  
PLACE AND THIS STATUE...  
WE'LL BURY IT FOR EVER...  
IN CONCRETE!



AS THE TRAVELLER FINISHED HIS STORY, THE TRAIN DREW INTO ITS DESTINATION...

AND THAT'S WHAT  
THEY DID, THEY PUMPED  
CONCRETE INTO THE ISLAND.  
THERE'S NOTHING MORE  
SOLID THAN THAT PIER IN  
ALL INDIA. THEY CALL  
THE BRIDGE JOHN GRANT'S  
GREATEST ENGINEERING  
FEAT... BUT IT WAS  
NEARLY HIS FIRST  
AND LAST  
FAILURE!



# PUBLIC ENEMY No.1

DURING THE EARLY THIRTIES, JOHN DILLINGER, BANK-ROBBER AND KILLER, WAS WANTED IN EVERY ONE OF THE UNITED STATES, BUT THE CUNNING GANGSTER ELUDED ALL THE POLICE'S PLANS OF CAPTURE ...



WELL-PLANNED WERE HIS ROBBERIES AND HIS GETAWAYS, AND WELL-CHOSEN WERE HIS HIDE-OUTS WHERE, WITH HIS UNHOLY GANG, HE WOULD RELIVE HIS PAST LIFE, POSING AS A MODERN ROBIN HOOD.



THAT'S WHY I FIGURE ALL BANKERS ARE CROOKS AND THEIR LOOT OUGHTA BE HI-JACKED AND GIVEN TO THE POOR!



THE "POOR" DILLINGER HAD IN MIND WERE, OF COURSE, HE AND HIS MURDEROUS CREW OF GANGSTERS AND MOLLS! BUT THE LAW DID NOT AGREE WITH THE ARCH-CRIMINAL'S SENTIMENTS AND HOUNDED HIM FROM STATE TO STATE. AT LAST...



DOC, I WANT YOU TO GET RID OF MY FINGERPRINTS FOR ME AND DO A LITTLE FACIAL SURGERY ON MY UGLY MUG - MAKE ME LIKE SOME OTHER GUY. HOW MUCH?

FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS - PAYABLE IN ADVANCE!



YOU WANNA LIVE TO ENJOY THE MONEY, DON'T YOU, BUSTER? NOW WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT PAYMENT IN ADVANCE?



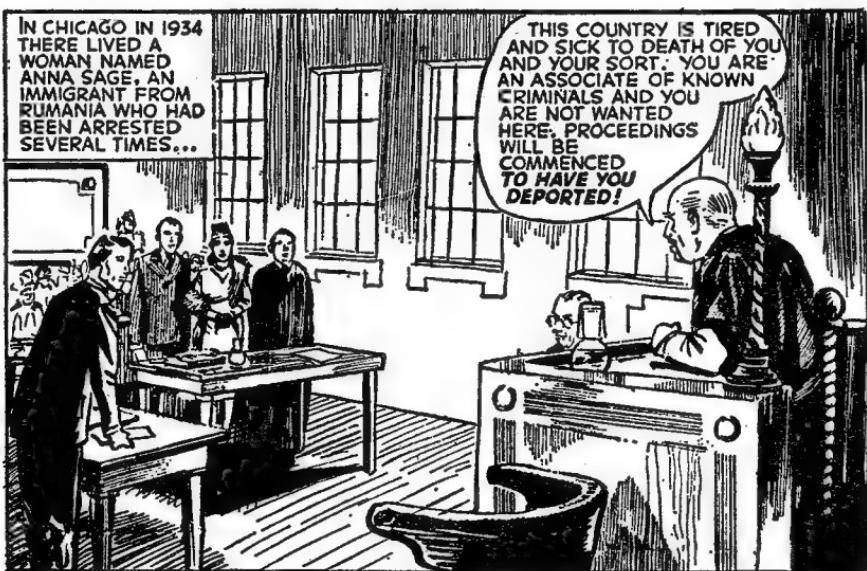
F-FORGET IT, JOHNNY! YOU CAN PAY ME AFTERWARDS!

AFTER THE OPERATION, DILLINGER'S FACE HAD ALTERED - BUT NOT MUCH! AS FOR HIS FINGER-TIPS, ONLY PART OF THE TELL-TALE WHORLS HAD BEEN PERMANENTLY REMOVED.



AND THE DOCTOR, FAR FROM RECEIVING FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH HIS LIFE.

IN CHICAGO IN 1934 THERE LIVED A WOMAN NAMED ANNA SAGE, AN IMMIGRANT FROM RUMANIA WHO HAD BEEN ARRESTED SEVERAL TIMES...



**DEPORTATION!** THIS WAS THE LAST THING ANNA SAGE WANTED, FOR SHE WAS DOING VERY NICELY IN HER ADOPTED COUNTRY, THANK YOU! TO HER FRIEND, POLLY HAMILTON, SHE EXPOUNDED HER TROUBLES.



POLLY HAD A NEW BOY FRIEND, CALLING HIMSELF JIMMY LAWRENCE. HE WAS A STRANGER IN TOWN AND POLLY ASKED ANNA TO LET HIM USE ONE OF THE ROOMS IN HER APARTMENT.



ANNA SAGE DID NOT SUSPECT FOR A MOMENT THAT SHE WAS GIVING SHELTER TO THE WORLD'S WORST CRIMINAL. HE LOOKED DIFFERENT NOW FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS PRINTED IN THE NEWSPAPERS. BUT ONE NIGHT...



LATER, AFTER DILLINGER  
AND MOLLY HAD LEFT...



# JOHN DILLINGER, PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1 REPORTED. SEEN IN ST. LOUIS

*By our own reporter*

It is several weeks now since John Dillinger was last seen in Indianapolis.

Since then he has completely disappeared. But today he was recognis

ed downtown, St. Louis.

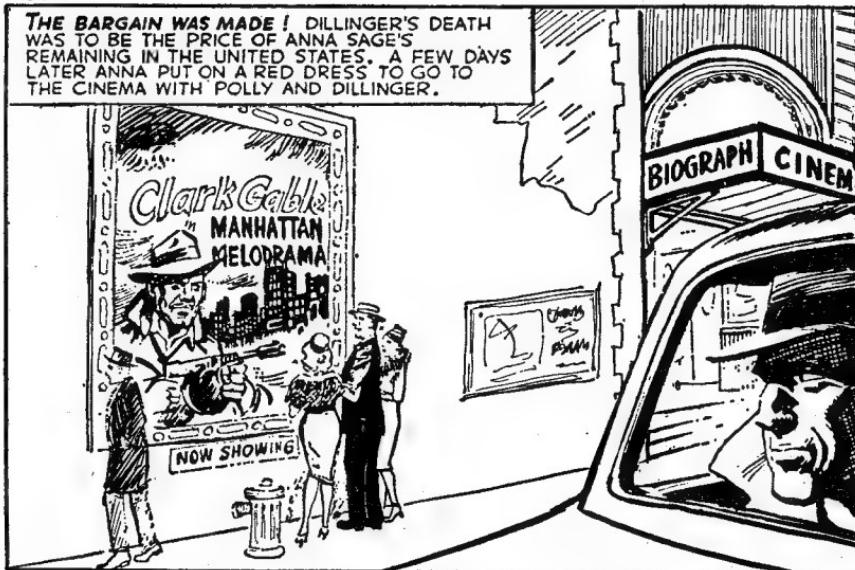
IT WAS WEEKS BEFORE ANNA SAGE COULD SUMMON UP ENOUGH COURAGE TO MAKE HER NEXT MOVE FOR SHE KNEW SHE WAS COURTING CERTAIN DEATH. BUT DEPORTATION APPROACHED!

I CAN STAY A FEW MOMENTS ONLY, SERGEANT. I WANT TO DO A DEAL. IF I HAND OVER JOHN DILLINGER TO YOU, WILL YOU HAVE MY DEPORTATION WITHDRAWN?

DILLINGER!  
GIVE HIM TO US  
AND YOU CAN  
ASK WHAT YOU  
LIKE!



THE BARGAIN WAS MADE ! DILLINGER'S DEATH WAS TO BE THE PRICE OF ANNA SAGE'S REMAINING IN THE UNITED STATES. A FEW DAYS LATER ANNA PUT ON A RED DRESS TO GO TO THE CINEMA WITH POLLY AND DILLINGER.



WHO WILL EVER KNOW THE THOUGHTS OF ANNA SAGE AS SHE SAT THROUGH THE FILM BESIDE THE MAN SHE HAD BETRAYED ? THE SHOW OVER, THE TRIO LEFT THE CINEMA.



DILLINGER CURSED, DREW HIS GUN AND TURNING, FLED DOWN AN ALLEY BESIDE THE CINEMA. BUT THIS TIME THERE WAS TO BE NO ESCAPE FOR THE MOBSTER.



BY VIOLENCE HE HAD LIVED. BY VIOLENCE HE DIED. BUT FATE HAD A STRANGE CARD TO PLAY WHERE ANNA SAGE WAS CONCERNED. A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF DILLINGER SWORE TO KILL HIS BETRAYER.

IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO I'LL GET THAT WOMAN IN RED!



THE SPEAKER WAS BABY FACE NELSON, THE NEW PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1.

THERE WAS ONLY ONE ESCAPE FOR ANNA SAGE AND SHE KNEW IT. ALTHOUGH HER DEPORTATION ORDER HAD BEEN REVOKED SHE LEFT THE UNITED STATES AND CAME TO ENGLAND WHERE SHE SOON FOUND WORK OF A KIND.



BUT WOMEN LIKE ANNA SAGE ARE NOT WELCOMED IN ENGLAND AND SHE SOON LEFT - FOR RUMANIA! SO DESPITE HER BLOOD-STAINED BARGAIN, SHE WENT THERE JUST THE SAME.



THAT WAS OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO AND THE REST IS SILENCE.

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Yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR

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*Tough...Dramatic...*

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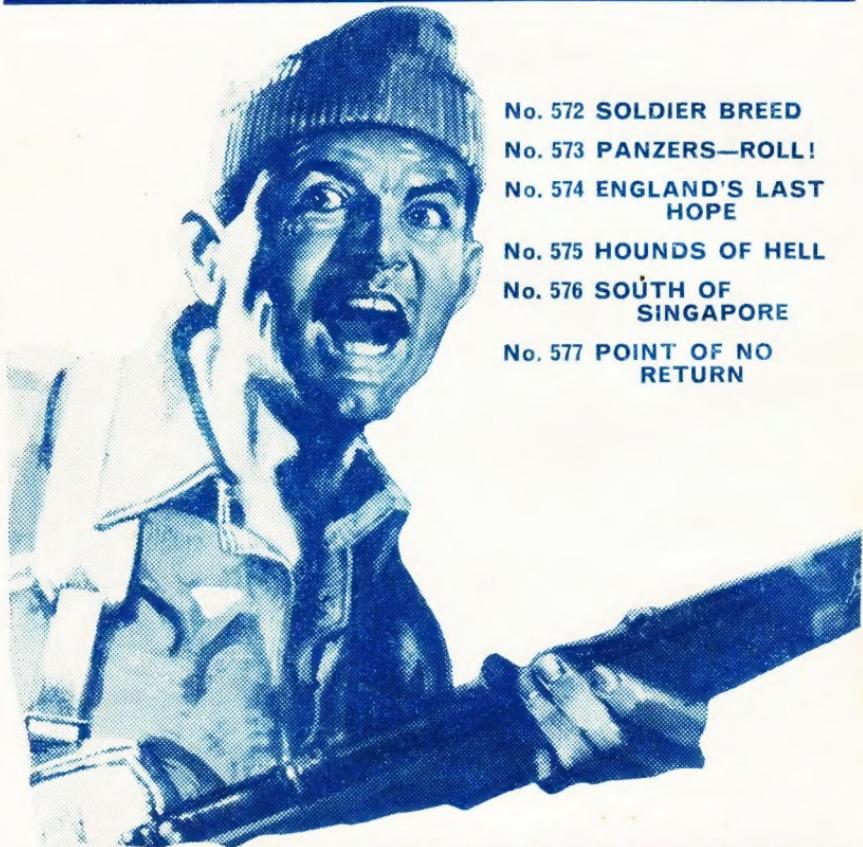
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